Richmond Times-Dispatch

Entered January 27, 1905, at the Post-Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

PUBLISHED every day in the year at 10 South Tenth Street, Richmond, Va., by The Times-Dispatch Pub-lishing Co., Inc., Charles E. Hasbrook, Editor and Manager.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to The Times Dispatch, and not to individuals.

TELEPHONE: Randolph 1. Private Branch Exchange connecting with all departments. SPECIAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Has-brook, Stery & Brooks, Inc., Fifth Avenue Building, New York: Mutual Life Building, Philadelphia, Peoples Gas Building, Chiengo.

WASHINGTON OFFICE: 716 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN ADVANCE, by mail: Daily and Sunday, one year, \$7.00; 6 months, \$3.50; 3 months, \$1.75; 1 month, 65 cents, Daily only, one year, \$5.00; 6 months, \$2.50; 3 months, \$1.25; one month, 45 cents, Sunday only, one year, \$2.50; one months, \$1.25; 3 months, 65 cents; 1 month, 25 cents. BY LOCAL CARRIER SERVICE: Daily with Sunday, 15 cents a week; Daily without Sunday, 10 cents a week; Sunday, only, 5 cents.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication wish to have rejected arti-cles returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1916.

The Fall of Constanza

CAPTURE by the German and Bulgarian armies of the Roumanian port of Constanza, while a serious blow to allied prestige, does not mean that Roumania will be overrun as Serbia was. Mackensen's forces hav pushed their way up the Black Sea coast this principal Roumanian port, but the struction of Roumania as yet is merely threat. The Germans and Bulgarians cann avail themselves of Constanza's maritime posibilities, for the Russians control the Black Sea, while re-enforcements for the allied armies can be sent overland. It is a humiliating defeat for Roumania, but not necessarily

In just one week from to-day, you'll have to go somewhere else to buy it.

Saving Her Own Ships

NORWAY'S refusal to permit belligerent submarines to use her territorial waters, save under conditions rigorously limited, is easy enough to understand. German submarines have been lying off the coast of Norway and waylaying Norwegian and other neutrals' vessels, many of which have been sent to the bottom close to the three-mile limit. It is not unnatural the little kingdom does what she can to save the property of her own

to that put into effect by Holland, and Sweden's regulations accomplish a like purpose in another way. The principal difference is that while Sweden's regulations aid Germany, those of Norway will aid the en-

Primarily, however, it is a measure of selfpreservation. It ought not to be expected that Norway should furnish a halter for her

More than \$450,000,000 in gold has come into the United States since January 1. What's become of it all?

Revival of the Slate

S a direct result of the unprecedented A paper shortage, New York's school superintendents have given serious consideration to the proposal to reintroduce the discarded slate. That old-fashioned educational appliance was relegated to the limbo of old, unhappy far-off things long ago, not only because of the unpleasant scratching of pencils that often accompanied its use, but because of the insanitary method of erasure too frequently adopted.

Despite its many disadvantages, however, there seems to be reason to fear the slate lay regain its former place in scho far as appears now, there is no relief in sight. Most wisely conducted newspapers have effected radical economies, yet the situation has become so serious that a number of metropolitan newspapers have been forced to limit even the amount of advertising they will accept. It the publishers and the great reading public both have to suffer from a paper famine, it is not likely either will be greatly moved by the woes of school-teachers, compelled to sit in rooms filled with squeaking slates. As for the pupils, it would be an | odd child who minded that, or any other noise,

As the head of the League to Enforce Peace, maybe Mr. Taft thought he ought to set an example by shaking hands with the

Winning With Wilson

stronger as the day of election The "doubtful" territory is and more contracted. State State that seemed hopelessly Republica ning is now found to be lean son. Newspapers which Hughes and claiming a morago that he could not lose, are wobbling are now almost even, where, they started able time. out three to one on Hughes. he whole atmosphere of confidence with which the Re-publican leaders went into this campaign has disappeared.

Practically all the independent press now Tribune, which is leading the Hughes fight in Hillinois, warns the Hughes leaders that the State is so longer safely Republican, but, on the contrary, it is inclining to Wilson. Senator Penrose is quoted as saying to his party associates that money and a lot of it may be needed to secure Pennsylvania, New other. All these straws lead to the conclu- the war points to the possibilities of this field. sion that the country is wondering what it has to gain by changing administrations, by farther safeguarding of this much-desired changing policies and by changing the cours of history at such a time as the

It is just as well, perhaps, that the Protestant Episcopal Church has decided to retain "obey" in the marriage service. It permits the man in the case to feel a sense of superiority until the conclusion of the ceremony,

Colonel House and the President

THAT Colonel E. M. House, a private citithe part of Republican campaigners, we suppose, was inevitable. Yet it is surprising that Mr. Hughes should go out of his way to drag the name of the President's personal friend into a serious discussion of political

derision by Republicans is difficult to under- i to paramount.

stand. His relationship to the President is neither a reproach to one nor the other. He has stood on the side lines during the entire administration, working quietly and unselfishly for its success. There has been no reward that he has asked or would accept. He was twice tendered a seat in the Cabinet. Twice he declined. He was offered any mission abroad he might wish. He wanted no official position. All that he asked was an opportunity to serve his friend in his own

Notwithstanding this, Colonel House has been assailed. It has been charged that he has exercised a mysterious and therefore a inister influence upon this administration. Nothing could be more unfair. Nothing could have been more unworthy of Mr. Hughes than to have been a party to so unjustifiable an attack.

Evidently the prohibition leaders thought that a quart couldn't go very far toward "brutalizing" and "destroying." , But that lepends on how rapidly it is consumed. With some of the weaker sort, a quart in an hour would be pretty effective.

Hughes the Disingenuous

THERE is no mystery in the collapse of the Hughes boom and the turning to President Wilson which has become the overshadowing feature of the campaign. Mr. Hughes has failed to justify the hopes of his friends and the prophecies so confidently made in his behalf because he has declined to deal honestly and fairly with the American

Of this fact, long patent to every political observer, the disclosures made yesterday by the Democratic National Committee afford final and indubitable truth. Whatever Mr. Hughes told O'Leary and his colleagues, there can be no question that there was a conference, and that as a result of that conference O'Leary reported to his organization that the Republican candidate had "promised that his future conduct in the speech-making line should be entirely satisfactory to the interests of the committee."

It is not impossible that O'Leary's hatred of President Wilson induced him to overemphasize what Mr. Hughes actually said. It does seem inconceivable that the candidate, after congratulating Colonel Roosevelt on his Maine speech, should have withdrawn his indorsement of that ultra-Rooseveltian utterance. It is certain, however, Mr. Hughes received the representatives of an organization which has placed the interests of a foreign power above the interests of America, and that he gave them some assurances which they regarded as satisfactory.

The incident is of a piece with Mr. Hughes's whole course throughout the campaign. While he runs with the hare he barks with the hounds. While he felicitates Colonel Roosevelt on a speech attacking the President for not being more peremptory with Germany, he takes counsel with and receives the promised support of men who denounce that speech as "inconsistent with American ideals and American history."

What mystery is there in the Hughes failure to attract the sympathy of loyal Americans, or indeed of any sort of Americans? He represents in himself no principle save an outworn Tory Republicanism. The bulk of the support he has hoped to receive is made up of mutually contradictory protests against one or another aspect of the President's foreign or domestic policy, and Mr. Hughes cannot declare himself on any one of these questions without alienating a part of his following.

He has chosen deliberately, therefore, to deal in vague phrases and glittering and meaningless generalities. He pats Colonel Roosevelt on the back with one hand, while he holds out the other to O'Leary, and tries his hardest all the time not to let one hand know what the other hand is doing. From the moment he received the announcement of his nomination and, declaring a national exigency dictated his resignation from the Supreme Court, transformed himself from a 100 per cent judge into a per cent candidate, he has pussyfooted all the way.

Perhaps there was a time when this sort of campaign could win success, but it is not true of this campaign. More than mere party issues are involved, and the American people realize the gravity of the decision they are called on to make. The hour demands a man, and Hughes has been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Otto of Bayaria wasn't the only mad King in Europe, though he was the only one

Administration's Dyestuff Industry

O NE of the chief inconveniences the stoppage of imports from Germany was expected to bring on this country was a lack of dyestuffs. Before the war, it is estimated, more than three-fourths of our supply came O NLY the blindest of partisanship fails to see that President Wilson is growing country has greater resources in the way ws nearer, of raw material. Now, however, some thirty ning more | American companies are manufacturing dyestuffs, and it is predicted that within a year the begin- the output of American-made product will ward Wil- | equal the amount supplied three years ago. supporting | As yet, there is not the same variety of "fast" colors, but investigation has disclosed that Betting odds | this variety, too, will come within a reason-

A very considerable part of the credit for the creation of this great American industry belongs to the Wilson administration, which has taken wise steps to foster domestic manufacture of dyestuffs. Without governmental concedes Onio to Wilson. The Chicago assistance, and assurance of future assistance, capital would not have ventured on this untrodden path. But with the special protective tariff and antidumping clauses of the revenue bill enacted by the last Congress, a profitable and safe field was opened. Announcement that two of the country's largest York seems to be as much one way as and their auxiliary plants into dye factories after munition manufacturers contemplate turning

> Adequate and reasonable measures for the branch of industry, which will probably still need it after the close of the war, are further indicated by the establishment of a nonpartisan tariff commission, another of the President's notable achievements. On the whole, it may be stated with certainty that while the war made American manufacture of dyestuffs desirable, the administration made

A motion-picture actor has become a "bum" zen, should become the basis of attack on | from playing the part of a vagrant. If the directors would make some of them play the part of actors, it might improve the artistic side of the business.

It is about time for Mr. Hughes to discover Why Colonel House should be held up to found in the last few weeks having refused another paramount issue, all those he has

SEEN ON THE SIDE

Two weeks more of struggle, boys; Two weeks more of campaign noise, Trouble, work and glare; Then we'll have a chance to rest, For we'll conquer, East and West-Vict'ry's in the air.

Woodrow's got them on the run, Woodrow's fight is nearly won, All the skies are fair; Small-size triumphs will not do, We want a landslide or two-Vict'ry's in the air.

Business knows prosperity. Labor finds itself made free. Peace has banished care; In each hamlet of the land Good folks join the happy band-Vict'ry's in the air.

Keep the fight up to the last, Nail the colors to the mast, For "the day" prepare; We are sure to win this time, Which is why I say, in rime, Vict'ty's in the air.

The Pessimist Says:

Candidate Hughes begins to discover that in this little game of being all things to all men fellow is apt to be called.

Shakespeare Day by Day.

For all men: "Oh! while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!"-King Henry IV., Part

For the discouraged: "Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod."-King Henry V., For the overpositive:

"Modest doubt is called The beacon of the wise." -Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2.

For the abused leader: "He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe." -Timon of Athens, iii. 5.

Explained.

Grubbs-Are you having any trouble with servants nowadays? Stubbs-None at all. We haven't had one for two weeks.

Cinching It.

"Did Howler convince his audience by that political speech he made?"

"I should say he did! Why, every man who was there went away determined to vote for the opposition candidate."

Everybody Satisfied.

"I see by the papers," remarked the Office Philosopher, "that Mr. Hughes plans to take a rest. This is the first time I have observed that his plans are in exact accord with those of the American people.

Like the Rest. She-Before we were married you told ou would love me forever and a day. He--- know I did. I suppose it must have been another of my mistakes to which you are

To-Day's Best Hand-Picked Joke.

so fond of calling attention.

"I think children are not so observing as they used to be," said a member of the school board to a teacher whose class he was visiting. "I hadn't noticed it," said the teacher. "I'll prove it to you," said the school officer,

pompously. Turning to the class, he said: "Some one give me a number."
"Thirty-seven," said a little girl, eagerly.

He wrote "73" on the board. Nothing was "Well, some one else give me a number."

"Fifty-seven," said another child, lie wrote "75" and smiled knowingly at the teacher when nothing was said. He called for a third number, and fairly gasped at the indignation manifested by a small, red-faced urchin,

Seventy-seven, and see if you can change that."-Harper's Magazine.

Demonstrated.

The pretty maldens whom you see Arrayed in autumn finery May not seem wise to you; And yet the swains who hover near Prove clearly that these maidens dear Do know a thing or two.

Health Talks, by Dr. Wm. Brady What a Certain Lady Docs.

We have before us for consideration to-day, friends and occasional readers, a copy of the United States Census Reports. It is a fine, big, well-printed book, and it didn't cost a cent. United States Census Reports. It is a fine, big, well-printed book, and it didn't cost a cent. Included with it are sundry mortality tables, more interesting than a market report or a football score card. Referring to the tables, we make the startling discovery that a well-known siren, a lady of many charms and more known siren, a lady of many charms and more devotees, a vampire who is reputed to destroy countless souls every year, is apparently within the law, or at any rate, never openly charged in the law, or at any rate, never openly charged with responsibility for her acts. So far as the statistics show, not one single, sol—, no, we can't say solitary, but not one swain has ever perished at the feet of the seductive Lady Nic-

Boys, please don't cheer. We have not finished with the lady yet

It would seem that Lady Nie does not immolate her victims openly, as Bacchus does That wouldn't be vampirish enough to suit her character. She subtly polsons their nerves and weakens their intellect so that they can't think or work with 100 per cent efficiency; she gives or work with 100 per tent emetency; she gives them an annoying, backing cough; she dims their vision; she robs them of their second wind their vision, see that they can't win any laurels in athletics; then she gives them a final punch in the solar plexus and drags them to the door of a sanatorium for neurasthenics

Tobacco is a narcotic stimulant, analagous to alcohol in effect, but much milder. It may bemind, we neither affirm nor deny—that the average man under the stress of modern life requires some sort of mild narcotic stimulant. But waiving that question, it is undebatable that no boy needs a stimulant. No youth under twenty-one should ever be permitted to indulge a deprayed craying. No parent should be so strict in this that no boy would dare to smoke. Tobacco is as bad for a youth as tea. Tobacco is as had for a youth as tea smoke. I observe a second for a youth as tea or coffee is for a baby. High school smokers are a sight to make any thoughtful man despatr. A high school lad who thinks he must smoke is in a dangerous way. He has been given a "wrong steer." Somehody should thrash it out of him right now. If a lad needs a stimulant at eighteen, heaven help him when he tackles life itself!

Mothers, nail your sons down to a solemn pledge that they will never indulge in alcohol or tobacco until they are twenty-one. had who is a tectotaler and pledged against to-bacco is pretty hard to ruin. He has too much

Smokers, if you want to quit, write in for some helpful instructions. It is easy when you go at it scientifically.

Questions and Answers.

Let 'Em Blow, but Softly-Kindly tell me whether it is injurious for two boys, thirteen and affecen, to play cornet and clarinet several hours every day. My two nephews practice hours each day, being in an orchestra.

Answer-No harm done, except to the neighbors. The effort will do the lads good and keep them out of mischief. Let 'em blow, but softly. Questions and Answer

A Hole Where No Hole Should Be-Some months ago I had an operation for removal of spur on septum. The nose-and-throat surgeon

poked a hole in the septum large enough to put a pea through. (1) Will the hole cause de-formity of my nose? (2) Why does my pres-ent doctor look upon the hole with so much

Auswer-(1) No, it will cause no trouble. (2) Because some other doctor made it.

News of Fifty Years Ago (From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 24, 1866.)

Within the past twenty-four hours there have been no cases of cholera in Richmond. The heavy frosts that have come within the past two days seem to have obliterated the disease—that is, so think the doctors and the health officers. Anyhow, we feel safe in assuring our readers from the country that they can now visit Richmond without any fear of cholera. As a matter of fact, the disease has at no time been anything like severe.

The Baptist Female Institute, the buildings of The Baptist Female Institute, the buildings of which have been so long used as headquarters for United States troops and lately turned over to the owners, promises to do well. There are already fifty scholars on the roll there, and more are expected after the idle fears of cholera subside. Charles H. Winston, M. A., is the president; Rev. Robert Ryland, D. D., late of Richmond College, is professor of moral science, Latin and history; Miss Lydia A. Donne is teacher of higher English; Mrs. N. H. Bartley, of French and assistant in English and music; Miss Mary C. Lathrop and Miss Jennie H. Wigglesworth have charge of the preparatory departments; Miss C. C. Mara, of the music department, and Mrs. W. B. Cox, of the art department.

The James River and Kanawha Canal Company held its thirty-third annual meeting last night. But few over a quorum of the stock-holders were present, and the most of the business was postponed until to-night, when a second meeting will be held.

The Freedmen's Bureau, under charge of Captain B. C. Cook, is taking a census of the negroes of this district, including the city of Richmond.

The work of rebuilding the Henrico County Courthouse, burned in the great evacuation fire is progressing rapidly, and the building will probably be ready in time to hold the March term of the court therein.

Dr. Peter Lyons, whose serious illness was reported in this paper yesterday, is now entirely out of danger. It has leaked out that his trouble was the cholera. Flesh-colored stockings for women are the newest things in latter-day fashions to appear in this city.

Foreign papers received in New York by the latest steamers state that Carlotta, Empress of Mexico—wife of Maximilian—has become insane. The Mexican campaigns and her failure to enlist the aid of European monarchs in the fortunes of her husband have been her complete undoing.

The President, after attending the cathedral services in Baltimore on Sunday, dined at the Eutaw House with Mayor Wallach. President Johnson has appointed Joshua D. Giddings, Assistant United States Treasurer.

The Voice of the People

From a Defender of Huerta.

From a Defender of Huerta.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I heg to call attention to the inclosed editorial clipping—"Still Standing for Huerta"—from your issue of 3th Instant, with the hope of correcting a very evident misapprehension. There seems to be a widespread belief among people in the East and South, where the actual conditions are unknown, that the very existence of Mr. Huerta was a disaster; that his official existence was criminal, and that his removal was a righteous and wiss act. Had Mr. Wilson or his advisers possessed but a very faint idea of the Mexican people and of Mexican conditions, this rather hysterical conception of the Mexican situation would not have occurred, and it is very possible that a loss of many lives and a great expenditure of money would have been avoided. This may sound heretical to you, but it is true. Mr. Root, "ablest member of the Republican party," is simply better posted than you or any others who may be inclined to dispute this statement, and it would seem advisable that your knowledge in the premises be improved in order that your editorials thereon may be more salutary. In the first place, Mexican morals, life and manners cannot be judged from our American standpoint. There is room for a very large doubt as to whether or not the Mexican people are fit for self-government. From our point of view, they certainly are not; and the statement may be supported by the past history of Mexico. It is highly probable that Mr. Huerta was no better nor no worse morally than any of the others. Good sense would have dictated simple paties to Mr. Huerta than many of the others. Good sense would have dictated a simple paties to Mr. Huerta than many of the others. Mexico. It is highly probable that Mr. Huerta was no better nor no worse morally than any of the other Mexican politicians; and it is even probable that he was a somewhat stronger man than many of the others. Good sense would have dictated a simple notice to Mr. Huerta (or any other Mexican President, whoever he might be) that peace conditions in Mexico were essential, and that, if it were necessary, the United States would assist him with troops in maintaining such conditions. If this condition could not have been secured, the Mexican government should have been notified of immédiate, armed intervention. Puling philanthropists may shudder at the bare idea of armed intervention, and politicians by the bunch will advertise their horror at the very idea, but will any sensible person suggest that the era of bloodshed, which has succeeded Mr. Huerta's dismissal, has any advantage over any other sort of war? Can any sound mind dream that to-day there exists anything like peace and safety in Mexico? Can any person possessing the merest fraction of a brain hesitate between an indeterminate "period of anarchy and bloodshed (followed by a certainty that it will, sooner or later, embroil us with some foreign power by reason of the Monroe Doctrine) and an actual, businesslike, peace-making war?

Chiloride, Ariz., October 16.

peace-making war?

Chloride, Ariz., October 16.
(The editorial to which our correspondent refers, discussing the assassination of Madero, said: "Whatever Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Roosevelt may think, the people of the United States are not yet prepared to have their President compound a crime of this character." Our correspondent's letter merely strengthens that conviction. Of course, his assumption that the recognition of Huerta would have brought peace to Mexico is a mere assumption, which the contemporaneous facts all served to discredit. The probabilities are the other way, and the recognition of the assassin, in all likelihood, would have been as unprofitable as it would have been base.—Editor.)

Queries and Answers

S. J. Wolner, Jr., Peoria, 111.

Chess.

Please name for me three or four of the recognized chess masters of to-day.

MISS R. T. R.

A. Chupchik, F. J. Marshall, O. Chajes, J. R.

Can you give me the name and address of the president of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America? E. F. DEEMS.

Dan Patch.
Is Dan Patch living now?
He died three months ago. J. D. A.

Columbus and the Egg.

J. W.—Christopher Columbus, on his return to Spain after his first voyage to America, was made the subject of various disparaging remarks while dining at the house of a Spanish nobleman. Some of the guests, thinking to lessen the merit of his discovery, declared that the thing itself was easy of accomplishment, all that was necessary being to have thought of it in the first place. Without deigning to reply directly to his detractors, the great navigator called for an egg and passed it among the guests, asking them to make it stand on end. None of them being able to do so, Columbus took the egg and, breaking the end gently, caused it to stand upright in his plate. The assembled guests with one voice exclaimed that this was a simple thing to do. "Yes," replied Columbus with a smile, "the only thing necessary was to have thought of it!"

Current Editorial Comment

Difficult
Greek
Question

The entry of the French into Athens is part of a most delicate course which the allies have taken in their effort to de-Teutonize Greece without antagonizing the population of the country. The difficult thing with the allies has been not to act more vigorously than their best advantage required. It is now somewhat more than a year since official Greece in the person of the German-bred King Constantine coolly repudiated a scrap of paper binding her to take the field in Serbia's defense in case of an attack by Bulgaria. The entente landed troops at Saioniki, trusting to Greeks to join in the expedition to save Serbia, and these troops at one time ran serious risk because of the Greek government's total desertion of a sworn ally. It was natural that the entente should argue from all this the presence of a motive in the mind of the ruler of Greece to take the side of the central empires.—

Woodrow Wilson, The Man, As Seen By One of His Family

The following intimate personal sketch of "Woodrow Wilson, the Man," "mixed it up" in a gorgeous fight over some differences in boylsh opinions. The bride was much shocked; but I sketch of "Woodrow Wilson, the Man," was written by Professor Stockton Axson, whose sister, Ellen Louise Axson, thirty-five years, but he served under him when Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton University. He was assistant professor of English literature at Princeton from 1899 to 1994, and professor from 1899 to 1994, and professor from 1904 to 1913, when he joined the faculty of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, as professor of English. Woodrow Wilson married Miss Axson on June 24, 1885. Her death occurred on August 6, 1914, and on December 18, 1915, President Wilson married Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt.

BY STOCKTON.

Ga. Jessie and Marian Bones were and childhood companions, Helen being chuckly much younger; and the names of Wood-row Wilson's father and mother, Uncle alone.

"What Jessie, were as familiar "What Jessie, were were as familiar "What Jessie, were as familiar "What Jessie, were were were well as familiar "What Jessie, were were well as familiar "What Jessie, were well well well well as familiar "What Jess

much younger; and the names of Woodrow Wilson's father and mother, Uncle Joe and Aunt Jessle, were as familiar to me as the names of my own uncles and aunts.

But I very distinctly remember the first time that anybody talked to me in detail about Woodrow Wilson; it was my father, in a letter written to me when I was away at school. Like Dr. Joseph Wilson, my father was a Presbyterian minister, and also like Doctor Wilson, he practiced more than he preached. I think my father went on the theory that his example would do more for my upbringing than wordy precepts, and so the first homily he ever delivered to me was in the form of a long letter written just after Woodrow Wilson had ended a visit to his relatives in Rome. His text described him and held him up to me as a pattern of young manhood. I recall one phrase, virtually verbatim: "I can think of nothing that would make me so happy as to have a son like that."

That letter was written hirty-four years ago: but I remember it vividly, both because it was practically the only nivite sermon my father very and the form thirty four years ago: but I remember it vividly, both because it was practically the only nivite sermon my father very and the form the first homily he hecause it was practically the only nivite sermon my father very all is hard for me to speak in mode. It is hard for me to speak in mode in this hard for me to speak in mode. It is hard for me to speak in mode in this hard for me to speak in mode. It is hard for me to speak in mode and the tendent of the first homily he and the first homily he was a professer, and, besides, it was my line to the mode of the mod

years ago; but I remember it vividly, both because it was practically the both because it was practically the only private sermon my father ever preached to me, and because the wish expressed was fulfilled, not in the way he was hoping, by my transformation, but by Woodrow Wilson himself becoming my father's son by marriage. My father lived to know of the engagement, though he died before the marriage.

largement, though he died before the narriage.

It was in 1883 that Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Axson became engaged. She was visiting friends in the North Carolina mountains when my father fell seriously III. He had me summon her was visiting friends in the North Caro-lina mountains when my father fell seriously III. He had me summon her home by telegram—my mother had died two years before, and my sister was the responsible member of the family. She went to Asheville to catch

the night of her arrival home. In the earlier part of the evening she had been anxious about my father, but when he had at last been made comfortable and had fallen asleep, she fortable and had fallen asleep, she joined me in the little sitting room, her dear face flushed, her eyes bright. "Can you keep a secre?" she asked, and upon my intimation that I could she told me that she was engaged to be married, the manner of the meeting and har to. "He is the greatest to move whither it listeth. He simply the side and har to the meeting and har to." be married, the manner of the meeting and her joy. "He is the greatest man in the world," she said, "and the best." In that faith she never faltered in all the years that followed.

Of the manner of the meeting and her joy. "He is the greatest cannot live without affection, for this, cannot live without affection affection with affection with affection with affection with affection with affection with a her arms, waiting for him to come each other as water and sky reflect from a distant place for the first sight each other's moods. Their tastes in her arms, waiting for him to come from a distant place for the first sight of his child, and the way she looked in the little cottage in Princeton the night that he was elected President of the United States. It was two years before they were married (he was studying at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore) in the manse of the Independent Presbyterian Church in Sawannah, Ga., bis father and her grandfather officiating. I remember how he and I chatted about the books in my grandfather's bookcases while we in landscape painting and in nature my grandfather's bookcases while we in landscape painting and in nature—waited for the bride to come down for she had a skill in color that would waited for the bride to come down that is color that would stairs. I also remember a less idyllic circumstance, how bliss was jarred and the scent of orange blossoms temporarily annulled while two small boys, the bridegroom's nephew, Wilson Howe (To Re Continued To-Morrow.)

eaught a twinkle in the bridegroom's was the President's first wife. Pro-fessor Axson not only had close per-

occurred on August 6, 1914, and on December 18, 1915, President Wilson married Mrs. Edith Bolling Gait.

HY STOCKTON AXSON.

There are many who can analyze and assess Wilson, the statesman known to all the world, but the ranks are thinning among those who have known the man intimately since his young manhood. Woodrow Wilson belongs to the world; is it, then, in bad taste for one who has had the great privilege of seeing him at close range for thirty-five years to tal' about him familiarly to the world?

My keenest embarrassment arises from my wonder about what Mr. Wilson himself will say if he should ever pleased him to have his personal affairs intimately talked about, and yet the only reason why I should write at all is that I am in a position to talk about him personally and that the country has a right to know when I first heard Woodrow Wilson's name mentioned; probably in my carliest childhood, for between his family and mine there has always been an intimacy. His mother's sister was were our next-door neighbors in Rome, Ga. Jessie and Marian Bones were my childhood companions, Helen being much younger; and the names of Woodrow Wilson's father and mother. Uncled Joe and Aunt Jessie, were as familiar to me as the names of my own nucles in religious to the knowl wilson's father and mother. Uncled Joe and Aunt Jessie, were as familiar to me as the names of my own nucles in the familiary to the same privilege in Middle to my wilson's father and mother. Uncled Joe and Aunt Jessie, were as familiar to me as the names of my own uncles in the family to the country has a right to know what manner of man is President.

Early Memortes.

I do not suppose that I myself know when I first heard Woodrow Wilson's family and that the country has a right to know what manner of man is President.

Early Memortes.

I do not suppose that I myself know when I first heard Woodrow Wilson's familiary to the world in the probably in my carbiest childhood, for between his family and that the country has a right to know when I first he

family. She went to Asheville to eatch a train, but as she had to wait several hours for it she went to a hotel and whiled away the time reading by a window. As fate would have it. Woodrow Wilson, who was driving in the mountains, passed the hotel, chanced to look up and saw her profile at the window. The two had been together in Rome the previous summer, and it needed just the unexpected encounter in the North Carolina mountains to show them what life meant for each and both of them.

The Romance.

Unforgettable for me is the conversation which my sister and I had on

In the family circle he can give this

"HIS PEN OR YOUR LIFE." ONLY TOOLS WILSON HAD

Independent Newspaper Declares Notes Did Not Fall Because They Were Not Written by Wenk Man. (Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

DETROIT, October 23 .- "His Pen or Your Life" is the title of a strong editorial indorsement of President Wilson that is published in the Detroit News, a paper of independent politics. The News says:

"A great deal of fun has been had over note-writing, although we used to be fond of quoting The pen is profit after the European war is over mightler than the sword.' But President Wilson has had just two tools he could use-his pen, with his brain behind it, or your life.

"That is all he had. He could send notes or he could send human lives. ing classes, so that the great and hurt-He had to use either the tools of diplo- ful antagonism which, before the presmacy or he had to use American ent administration came into power, fathers and brothers and sons—of had made itself felt almost in every whom you likely would have been one. substantial interest, has now almost "Now, aside from partisan preference, which would you prefer a President to risk first-his pen or your life? President Wilson tried his pen first. If the pen had failed through any

American men, offered as sacrifices on the altar of battle. "But the notes did not fail, because they were not weak notes, and they were not written by a weak man.'

Why I Am for Wilson

BY JACOB II. SCHIFF

President Wilson's administration has been almost throughout a construc tive one. The enactment of a new and just tariff law and the establishing of the Federal reserve bank system are momentous achievements, from the momentous achievements, fro benefit of which the country

even more than at present.

But what I consider President Wilson's greatest achievement is that he bringing about a rapprochement between the producing and the consum-

When Will the War Endf Dr. Douglas S. Freeman will speak at the Tuesday Club of the Railroad weakness in its handling, he would have had to fall back on the bodies of War End?"

Young Men's Christian Association to-day at 1 o'clock on "When Will the